

Good Morning 96

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

After
the
Show

Smugglers, Pot-boys and Horse Thieves Were His Friends



Outside the theatre where their film, "Close Quarters," was shown to the Press, some of the "actors" group-up for our cameraman.

I get around

By

RONALD RICHARDS

THE day the representative crew of H.M.S. "Tribune" came to town to see the Press showing of the submarine film, "Close Quarters," will long be remembered in Fleet Street.

From the Ministry of Information to this office, from here to see Goggles at the King and Keys, from there to the Three Tuns to sing, over the road to the Blue Anchor to drink, and then to Waterloo.

On few occasions had so many jokes been told by so few between so many pints.

Although Stoker Tom Holmes' joke about the Admiral's daughter brought tears to the

Tommy, quite assured that no other sailor had ever heard of this place, strode into the saloon bar.

When asked by the barman for his order, Tommy made some mention of our maker, and was told that he couldn't have him.

The barman, also on leave from H.M. Submarines, was in uniform, and a C.P.O. at that.

That was too much for Tommy and his Mrs., so they went round to the other bar. When he got inside he had to push between three sub-lieutenants to get to the bar, and the only vacant seats were round a table at which two submariners were sitting.

"That was the first time in my life I've ever left a beer on the table," Tommy concluded.

A THING that surprised me was that, with the exception of Stoker Albert Rothwell, who went a bundle on Dorothy Lamour, all the boys clamoured to see pictures of Evelyn Dall when they were invited to look over the office glamour file.

Did I say all of them? Sorry. A.B. George Bunting J.M. (that meaning just married), was rather more interested in a map of England, on the wall.

I think the Editor was a trifle surprised, when he came into the office, to see Tom Holmes in his chair carefully scrutinising the next day's paper; he didn't say anything, however. He just went over to my desk to work. That was when Tom was politely requested to look around the library.

If only Tom could drink more he might still have been editor—if he smoked cigars!

I am sure that all concerned had fun, and on behalf of my colleagues I would like to place on record that the first crew to visit "Good Morning" rated tops. Come again soon.

FAILING benefit of a more material nature, submariners are assured of, at least, extra efforts on the part of this paper's writers.

When Al Male and Call Boy left the theatre, each had resolved that for you something

more than the ordinary was demanded, and when they left the nearest tavern, each in his own way had formulated a concrete resolution. So, from happy philosopher Male, beneath the surface, we should soon be seeing extra large air bubbles arising. From Call Boy we might expect even more candid close-ups and more intimate behind-the screen disclosures.



SEE BACK PAGE

WISDOM From the Past

Whatever is worth doing
at all is worth doing well.
Earl of Chesterfield
(1694-1773).

Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
James Thomson
(1700-1748).

I am always in haste, but
never in a hurry.
John Wesley
(1703-1791).

SMUGGLERS, pot-boys and horse - thieves were the chosen companions of George Morland, celebrated eighteenth century artist.

He might have been the friend of the most famous men of his day, but he preferred to spend his leisure time in low drinking dens and share a keg of rum with the rough, foul-mouthed, hard-drinking crowd who frequented them.

His eccentricity was largely due to the way in which he had been treated in his youth by his money-grubbing father.

When young George showed signs of being a genius by producing remarkable drawings when he was only five or six years of age, his father decided he had found a gold mine.

For a number of years—right through his boyhood—George was shut up in an attic of the house and made to turn out drawings which his father could sell to collectors. He was allowed no company and no education.

When he got away from his avaricious father he was able to make a very good thing out of his pictures. But he spent his money as soon as he made it—mostly on horses and drink.

Casual genius

He was a very fine artist, and soon wealthy collectors and dealers were willing to take anything he produced. But his dislike of meeting educated people resulted in his refusing to have anything to do with them, and those who wanted to buy pictures had to apply to one of his so-called friends.

They usually made a good thing out of it. Morland became lazy and

Eccentrics—No. 5 GEORGE MORLAND Painter

casual in his work. He would start painting a picture which had been ordered, and often already paid for, and leave it unfinished.

In spite of the money he was making, he was often hard up. If a man who had ordered a picture did not stand over him until it was



GEORGE MORLAND

finished, as likely as not the artist would part with it for a few guineas to anyone who happened to be in his studio. Morland was always terrified of being imprisoned for debt, and one purchaser turned this to good account.

He had found it impossible to get the artist to finish off a painting he had started. So one day he paid two men to hang about the street in front of Morland's house, as though they were watching for Morland to come out. Then he went to the painter's studio to see how the picture was going. But Morland laughed off his enquiries about it.

Pretending to look at the weather, the purchaser put his head out of the window. He drew Morland's attention to the men.

"By God, they're the bailiff's men!" cried Morland, alarmed.

"You're right, George. I recognise one of their faces," said the cunning purchaser.

It did not need much persuasion to get Morland to finish off the picture in order to get money to pay off the supposed bailiff's men.

He knew he had been fooled when he saw the purchaser, who had taken the picture, still wet, out of the house, give it to one of the men to carry home for him.

But usually exasperated purchasers had to wait for months to get their pictures—if they got them at all.

Once George was chased by police officers, who thought he was a coiner.

It was at a time when, pestered by people to whom he owed money, he lived a hermit's life in a secret studio at a house in Hackney.

His dark secret

Neighbours got suspicious about this curious person who worked in secret, who was hardly ever seen to leave the house, and who had people calling to take away queer-looking packages.

Their suspicions came to the ears of the Bank, and police officers were sent to search the premises, and, if the coiner was at home, to arrest him.

Morland saw the policemen, who in those days did not wear distinctive uniform, approaching his house. He took them for bailiffs' men, and, terrified of the debtors' prison, ran for his life.

There was a hue-and-cry after him, but when the police found a studio full of paintings instead of a coiner's den, they made their apologies and admired the pictures.

And the Bank, sympathising with the penniless artist, made him a present of £40.

On another occasion Morland had spent all his money on a night's drinking bout with his cronies, and found himself next morning on a country road with not a groat in his pocket.

He pulled up at an inn and offered to paint a new inn sign for the price of a meal and a few drinks. The landlord agreed, but was angry when he found Morland and his friends had eaten and drunk to the extent of ten shillings.

But he sold the sign a few days later for ten guineas to a gentleman who had heard of the incident.

Curtain

Towards the end of his life he had the habit of setting out his paints and his drink before he started to work. He began on the drink before he started the picture, and continued to paint and drink alternately, until he had painted as much as he pleased or until he had drunk himself silly.

He finished up, as he had feared, in a prison for debtors, and died there aged forty as a result of his excessive drinking.

Home Town News

HOUSING.

AFTER this war housing is going to be a problem of paramount importance. It is, therefore, interesting to note that at least one Scottish local authority is making as certain as possible that the men who have done the fighting will not only not be forgotten, but will have first chance. That Servicemen should have first consideration in allocating municipal houses becoming vacant after the war, and should have priority in any post-war houses erected by the Council, were the terms of a motion moved at Leven Town Council, Fife. After some discussion, an amendment was agreed to, that 60 per cent. of the houses be earmarked for men who had served overseas. Of course, that means blokes who have served under the seas, too, or fifty thousand (or thereabouts) submariners will know the reason why.

Funny things happen in houses. Take the case recently of Patrick Cassidy, 20-year-old miner, of 8 Wellsgreen Terrace, Rosie, Buchhaven, Fife, who appeared in Cupar Sheriff Court with his head swathed in bandages, charged with assaulting his wife and daughter. He was fined £5 or thirty days, and this despite a moving plea by a lawyer, who said his client had celebrated the miners' gala day wisely but not too well. He got into an argument with his wife, but, "as his lordship would observe, Cassidy eventually got the worst of the argument." If this doesn't make the Cat laugh on Page 4, write to Cassidy.

AT GLENEAGLES.

THE Miners' Fitness Centre at Gleneagles Hotel, peacetime ultra-posh venue for golfers and 19th hole wallahs, is nursing back to fitness once more men incapacitated by health or injuries in Scottish coal-pits. Mr. Thomas Johnston, Secretary of State for Scotland, states that the Consultative Committee of the Centre are watching the development of a great experiment which was sure to be duplicated in other parts of the world. "A great deal of attention will be paid to the results at Gleneagles," he said. And he was not referring to golf, but other grand things that are being accomplished that no such lions as Bobby Jones, Hagen, Sarezen, or even "Andra" Kirkaldy, ever dreamed of.

MINERAL DEVELOPMENT.

A DUNDEE news paragraph states that "Investigations into the possibilities of mineral development in Scotland have been dropped. This is indicated in a letter from Sir Andrew Duncan, Minister of Supply, to Lieut.-Col. C. N. Thornton-Kemsley, M.P. for Kincardine and West Aberdeenshire." This seems a bit vague in view of the Scottish coalfields production and the oil-producing concern that was going well and was news before the war crowded it off the front pages. Anyhow, any Scot will tell you that he's quite content to let other countries produce the "minerals"; it's what goes with them that counts.



eyes of many, the most riotous laughter followed his telling of an incident during a recent leave.

It seems that, much as Tom loves "Tribune," he was, on one occasion, glad to get home to see fresh faces and change the conversation.

With Mrs. Holmes, he set out one Saturday evening to find a quiet pub just outside his home town. "We'll see no Navy here," he assured his wife, "and that's what I call a real leave. I don't want to see another matelot until I get back. I just couldn't face a beer with a Navy uniform in view." So

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—58

1. Put the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after SUTU, and make a word.
2. Mix the words FILTER and DEEPS to make a town in the South of England.
3. Change BIRD into BUSH, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.
- Change in the same way: LOAF into ROLL, FUEL into FIRE, POST into MAIL.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word PANTECHNICON?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 57

1. INGROWING.
2. CUMBERLAND.
3. FLESH, FLASH, CLASH, CRASH, CRUSH, CRUST, CREST, CRESS, CRASS, GRASS.
FOOT, BOOT, BOAT, COAT, COAL, COWL, BOWL, BAWL, BALL.
WILD, WILE, WINE, WANE, WAIVE, TAME.
OLD, ODD, ODE, ORE, ORT, OAT, PAT, PET, PEW, NEW.
4. Pate, Tape, Tale, Late, Lair, Rail, Rate, Tear, Tare, Tint, Tent, Trip, Trap, Pole, Pale, Liar, Pert, Pile, Lope, Real, Lint, Line, etc.
Plate, Polar, Print, Plain, Plane, Pilot, Inter, Pearl, Later, Pleat, Prate, Trail, Trial, Toper, Taper, Plant, Prone, Tripe, etc.

ODD CORNER

BIG-SCALE games seem to be passing out. Irish Road Bowling, for instance, is seldom heard of nowadays, though it is still played. The "ball" is a lump of iron weighing 28 ounces, and the game is played on a stretch of the public road. The bowler hurls the ball through the air "with the speed of a bullet" (according to local Irish newspapers), and advance guards are stationed at intervals for half a mile along the road. Their duty is to warn people of the approach of the ball and to warn the thrower of the positions of the pot-holes in the road.

Some games never die out. Shove-halfpenny, for example, was played by Henry VIII, who once lost 35 shillings "to my lord of Wiltshire." Shakespeare mentions it in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," where Slender swore that he was robbed of "two shovel boards."

The Anglo-Saxons played a game very like draughts with decorated discs of bone, one of which—just over two inches across—was found in London beneath the Bank of England in 1937. During the recent excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, it was discovered that the Ancient Babylonians played a game very much like Snakes and Ladders!

Here is an old Chinese game, often played in Chinese railway carriages by two people sitting opposite each other. At a given signal each extends his hand, either (a) closed in a fist, (b) with two fingers extended like scissors, or (c) with open palm. A point is gained by fist against scissors ("stone blunts scissors"), scissors against palm ("scissors cut paper"), or palm against fist ("paper wraps stone"). Try it out! A scorer is useful, and he should declare the game over after an agreed time-limit (say, ten minutes) has elapsed.



AMONG the few animals to be met with in Typee, there was none which I looked upon with more interest than a beautiful golden-hued species of lizard. It measured perhaps five inches from head to tail, and was most gracefully proportioned.

Numbers of those creatures were to be seen basking in the sunshine upon the thatching of the houses, and multitudes at all hours of the day showed their glittering sides as they ran frolicking between the spears of grass, or raced in troops up and down the tall shafts of the cocoa-nut trees.

But the remarkable beauty of these little animals and their lively ways were not their only claims upon my admiration. They were perfectly tame and insensible to fear. Frequently, after seating myself upon the ground in some shady place during the heat of the day, I would be completely overrun with them. If I brushed one off my arm, it would leap perhaps into my hair: when I tried to frighten it away by gently pinching its leg, it would turn for protection to the very hand that attacked it.

The birds are also remarkably tame. If you happened to see one perched upon a branch within reach of your arm, and advanced towards it, it did not fly away immediately, but waited quietly looking at you, until you could almost touch it, and then took wing slowly, less alarmed at your presence, it would seem, than desirous of removing itself from your path. Had salt been less scarce in the valley than it was, this was the very place to have gone birding with it.

There are no wild animals of any kind on the island, unless it be decided that the natives themselves are such. The mountains and the interior present to the eye nothing but silent solitudes, unbroken by the roar of beasts of prey, and enlivened by few tokens even of

QUIZ for today

1. What is an omasum?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Heart of Midlothian," (b) "Heartbreak House"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Piano, Trombone, Trumpet?
4. When was cock-fighting prohibited in England?
5. Where is Oberammergau?
6. What is the largest railway station in Europe?
7. What is a troglodyte?
8. What are chives?
9. Who was Salvation Yeo?
10. What is a barleycorn?
11. Who invented the wireless aerial?
12. How long was a Sabbath Day's journey?

Answer to Quiz in No. 95

1. A bearded vulture.
2. (a) John Galsworthy, (b) Alexander Dumas.
3. Epstein is a sculptor; the others are painters.
4. A bass bassoon.
5. In Cornwall, near Launceston.
6. Sir John Anderson.
7. Visible to the naked eye.
8. A variety of pear.
9. Centrifugal.
10. 10lb.
11. To enlist in the Royal Marines.
12. The potato.

By HERMAN
MELVILLE

minute animated existence: There are no venomous reptiles, and no snakes of any description to be found in any of the valleys.

In a company of Marquesan natives the weather affords no topic of conversation. It can hardly be said to have any vicissitudes.

E	U	N	L	A	N	D
F	U	N	L	A	I	A
A	E	N	G	A	I	A
B	E	T	G	A	I	A
A	S	S	O	N	U	M
H	I	B	T	R	R	K
D	O	L	A	I	N	D
H	L	L	M	N	R	Y

Here are some European countries. The letters are in the right columns, but not in their right lines. Can you spot them?

(Answer in No. 97)

The rainy season, it is true, brings frequent showers, but they are intermitting and refreshing. When an islander, bound on some expedition, rises from his couch in the morning, he is never solicitous to peep out and see how the sky looks, or ascertain from what quarter the wind blows.

He is always sure of a "fine day," and the promise of a few genial showers he hails with pleasure.

It is this genial climate which causes the cocoa-nuts to flourish as they do. This invaluable fruit, brought to perfection by the rich soil of the Marquesas, and borne aloft on a stately column more than a hundred feet from the ground, would seem at first almost inaccessible to the simple natives. Indeed, the slender, smooth, and soaring shaft, without a single limb or protuberance of any kind to assist one in mounting it, presents an obstacle only to be overcome by the surprising agility and ingenuity of the islanders.

It might be supposed that their indolence would lead them patiently to await the period when the ripened nuts, slowly parting from their stems, fall one by one to the ground. This certainly would be the case, were it not that the young fruit, encased in a soft

green husk, with the incipient meat adhering in a jelly-like pellicle to its sides, and containing a bumper of the most delicious nectar, is what they chiefly prize.

They have at least twenty different terms to express as many progressive stages in the growth of the nut. Many of them reject the fruit altogether except at a particular period of its growth, which, incredible as it may appear, they seemed to me to be able to ascertain within an hour or two.

Others are still more capricious in their tastes; and after gathering together a heap of the nuts of all ages, and ingeniously tapping them, will first sip from one and then from another, as fastidiously as some delicate wine-bibber experimenting, glass in hand, among his dusty demijohns of different vintages.

Birds—bright and beautiful birds—fly over the valley of Typee. You see them perched aloft among the immovable boughs of the majestic bread-fruit trees, or gently swaying on the elastic branches of the Omoo; skimming over the palmetto-thatching of the bamboo huts; passing like spirits on the wing through the shadows of the grove, and sometimes descending into the bosom of the valley in gleaming flights from the mountains.

Their plumage is purple and azure, crimson and white, black and gold; with bills of every tint—bright bloody-red, jet black, and ivory white; and their eyes are bright and sparkling; they go sailing through the air in starry throngs; but, alas! the spell of dumbness is upon them all—there is not a single warbler in the valley!

Who is it?

He is a philosopher with a beard. Has three initials and an infectious laugh. Often broadcasts as one of a collection of great brains, ready to answer any questions. Rather a pessimist, and loudly deplores the invention of the internal-combustion engine. Plays hockey, preferably with children, and is interested in magic and ghosts. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)

I know not why it was, but the sight of these birds, generally the ministers of gladness, always oppressed me with melancholy. As in their dumb beauty they hovered by me whilst I was walking, or looked down upon me with steady curious eyes from out the foliage, I was a most inclined to fancy that they knew they were gazing upon a stranger, and that they commiserated his fate.

In one of my strolls with Kory-Kory, in passing along the border

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



ESQUIMAUX' GALA HAT.

There is little that changes in Esquimaux women's head-dress. Fashions don't count much, except when gala days arrive, and then every woman decks her hair in the bonnet that may have been an heirloom. It is made of small bone beads, some being dyed, and very proud these women are of the decoration. But who wouldn't give something for her grizzly bear coat?

of a thick growth of bushes, my attention was arrested by a singular noise. On entering the thicket, I witnessed for the first time the operation of tattooing as performed by these islanders.

I beheld a man extended flat upon his back on the ground, and, despite the forced composure of his countenance, it was evident that he was suffering agony. His tormentor bent over him, working away for all the world like a stone-cutter with mallet and chisel. In one hand he held a short slender stick, pointed with a shark's tooth, on the upright end of which he tapped with a small hammer-like piece of wood, thus puncturing the skin, and charging it with the colouring matter in which the instrument was dipped.

A cocoa-nut shell containing this fluid was placed upon the ground. It is prepared by mixing with a vegetable juice the ashes of the "armor," or candle-nut, always preserved for the purpose. Beside the savage, and spread out upon a piece of soiled tappa, were a great number of curious black-looking little implements of bone and wood, used in the various divisions of his art.

A few terminated in a single fine point, and, like very delicate pen-

Continued on Page 3.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first is in HAND-RAIL, but not in GUNNEL,
My second's in SMOKE-STACK, yet not in FUNNEL,
My third is in WEARING and so ATTRITION,
My fourth is in ARROWS, not AMMUNITION,
My fifth is in WEIGHED, while not in ANCHOR,
My sixth is in PACKET, but not in TANKER,
My last is in MARSHAL, not in RANKER.

(Answer on Page 3)

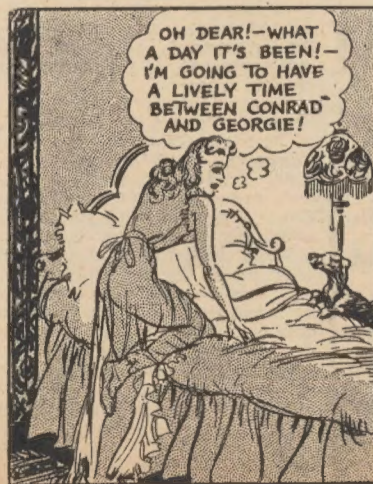
MIXED DOUBLES

The following MIXED DOUBLES are composed of an inland British town and the river on which it stands, "RIPON and URE," for example.

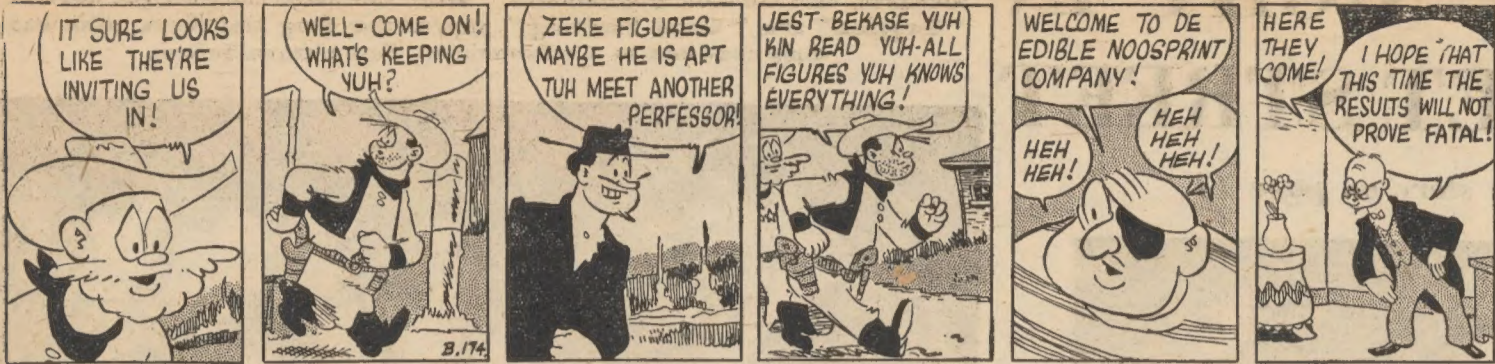
- (a) TEND TO RATS.
(b) LAD DREW FACE LIKE . . .

(Answers on Page 3)

JANE



Beelzebub Jones



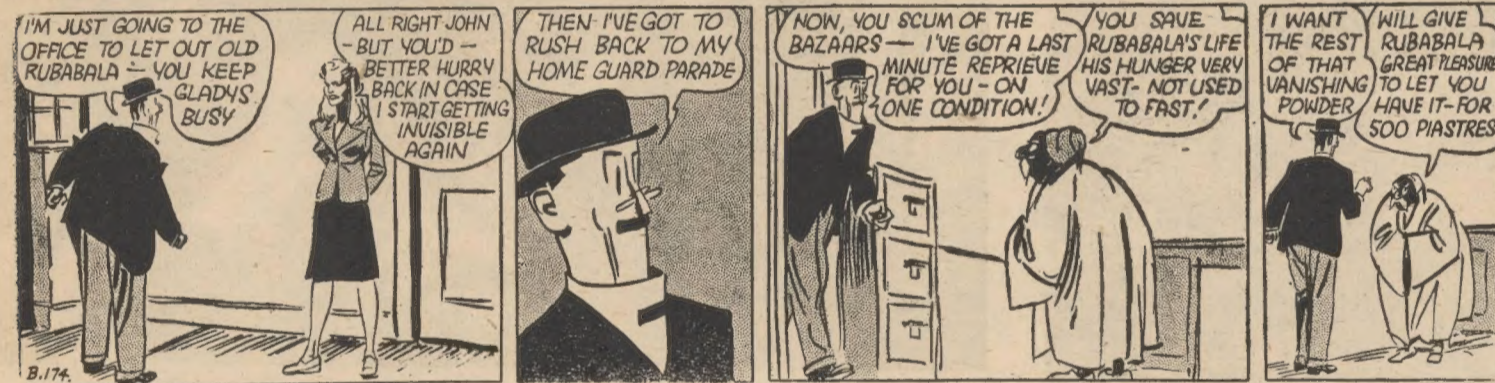
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Spot of Ancient History

F. W. THOMAS

VITRUVIUS was a Roman writer who lived in the days of Julius Caesar. And he annoys me. It is to him that we owe the story of Archimedes and the crown. You remember? Well, here goes, anyway. Archimedes was a mathematician who lived in Syracuse. Now, the king of those parts had bought himself a new crown, size 7½, and guaranteed pure gold. But the king had his doubts. He thought he had been swindled, that there was considerable old iron in the gold; and he asked Archimedes to get busy and find out all about it. So Arch-I know he won't mind, he's been dead for 2,000 years-Arch put his head on something cold, and started worrying about specific gravities, and displacements, and all that sort of thing. But nothing came of it. One day, while he was taking a bath, it suddenly dawned on him, and-but listen to Vitruvius telling the tale.

"When the idea flashed across his mind, he left his bath... exclaiming 'Eureka!' and, without waiting to dress, went home to try the experiment." Well, if you want to know what really happened, let us peep through the bathroom keyhole. Enter Arch. He hangs his bowler hat on the gas-bracket, slips off his trousers and knick-knacks, and steps into the water, humming to himself, "To plough and sow, and reap and mow... where the heck is that soap? And be a farmer's boy-oy-oy... Tun-ti-tum-ti-tum, and little Annie Rooney she is my sweetheart. But about this crown business. Now, when I stepped into this bath some of the water slopped over. Why? Because-because-Oh, boy! I've got it! Eu-blooming-reka!" And, pink and wet and soapy, he dashes into the street.

P.C. 324 K: Now then, mister, you can't do that there here. This isn't Blackpool. Hi! Come back! You've forgotten your trousers. Oy!

Chorus of small Syracusan boys: Go it, guv'nor. Five to four the field. Blimey, chaps, here's a noodist gone crackers.

Oblivious to everything but his discovery, Arch dashes up the front steps of his semi-detached villa, pulls the bell, and tattoos on the knocker.

The door is opened by Mrs. Sarah Gollop, the char, who takes a long breath, screams "Good Gordon Highlanders," and faints all over the mat.

Mrs. Arch: My giddy aunt, the man's gone bats. Your trousers. Where are your trousers? Do you mean to say that you've run all the way home like that? And to-morrow you'll be yelling the roof off with lumbago.

Next door. Next day. Mesdames Grummitt, Sossie, Smirch, Baggott, and Miss Sarah Measle are taking tea.

General chorus: My dear, I was just going to the butcher's to get a loin chop... as naked as a carrot... if I never move again... not a rag on him... not enough to dust a pencil... soapsuds still in his whiskers... and they do say that his father died of the drink... ought to be put in a home... nice for the children, I must say... running down the street absolutely stark... and she's such a nice, quiet-spoken woman... Yerce, it's a shame... And they tell me that seven cab-horses took fright and bolted... And poor Miss Measle missed it all... You never have any luck, do you, dear?

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

cils, were employed in giving the finishing touches, or in operating upon the more sensitive portions of the body, as was the case in the present instance. Others presented several points distributed in a line, somewhat resembling the teeth of a saw.

These were employed in the coarser parts of the work, and particularly in pricking in straight marks. Some presented their points disposed in small figures, and being placed upon the body, were, by a single blow of the hammer, made to leave their indelible impression. I observed a few, the handles of which were mysteriously curved, as if intended to be introduced

into the orifice of the ear, with a view perhaps of beating the tattoo upon the tympanum.

The artist was not at this time engaged on an original sketch, his subject being a venerable savage, whose tattooing had become somewhat faded with age and needed a few repairs, and accordingly he was merely employed in touching up the works of some of the old masters of the Typee school, as delineated upon the human canvas before him. The parts operated upon were the eyelids, where a longitudinal streak, like the one which adorned Kory-Kory, crossed the countenance of the victim.

In spite of all the efforts of the poor old man, sundry twitchings and screwings of the muscles of the face denoted the exquisite sensibility of these shutters to the windows of his soul, which he was now having repainted. But the artist, with a heart as callous as that of an army surgeon, continued his performance, enlivening his labours with a wild chant, tapping away the while as merrily as a woodpecker.

So deeply engaged was he in his work, that he had not observed our approach, until, after having enjoyed an unmolested view of the operation, I chose to attract his attention.

As soon as he perceived me, supposing that I sought him in his professional capacity, he seized hold of me in a paroxysm of delight, and was all eagerness to begin the work. When, however, I gave him to understand that he had altogether mistaken my views, nothing could exceed his grief and disappointment. But recovering from this, he seemed determined not to credit my assertion, and grasping his implements, he flourished them about in fearful vicinity to my face, going through an imaginary performance of his art.

Horried at the bare thought of being rendered hideous for life if the wretch were to execute his purpose upon me, I struggled to get away from him, while Kory-Kory, turning traitor, stood by, and besought me to comply with the outrageous request. On my reiterated refusals the excited artist got half beside himself, and was overwhelmed with sorrow at losing so noble an opportunity of distinguishing himself in his profession. The idea of engraving his tattoo-

ing upon my white skin filled him with all a painter's enthusiasm: again and again he gazed into my countenance, and every fresh glimpse seemed to add to the vehemence of his ambition. Not knowing to what extremities he might proceed, and shuddering at the ruin he might inflict upon my forehead, I now endeavoured to draw off his attention from it, and holding out my arm in a fit of desperation, signed to him to commence operations. But he rejected the compromise indignantly, and still continued his attack on my face, as though nothing short of that would satisfy him. When his forefinger swept across my features, in laying out the borders of those parallel bands which were to encircle my countenance, the flesh fairly crawled upon my bones.

(Continued in No. 97)

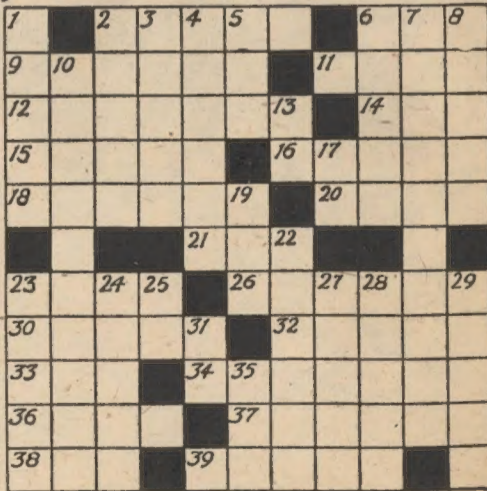
Answers to Mixed Doubles.

- (a) TOTNES & DART.
- (b) WAKEFIELD & CALDER.

Solution to Allied Ports. HARWICH.

Answer to WHO IS IT? DR. C. E. M. JOAD.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Of form.
- 6 Border.
- 9 Boy's name.
- 11 Spinning machine.
- 12 Literary piece.
- 14 Cover.
- 15 Wry turn.
- 16 Board game.
- 18 Essential part.
- 20 Drudgery.
- 21 Fish.
- 23 Spurts forth.
- 26 Sweet wine.
- 30 Admits.
- 32 Ill will.
- 33 Stuff.
- 34 Musical intervals.
- 36 Terminates.
- 37 Senior.
- 38 Animals' enclosure.
- 39 Melodious.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Relaxed.
- 2 Machine.
- 3 Vegetable.
- 4 Arrayed.
- 5 Totally.
- 6 Cry of surprise.
- 7 Removes.
- 8 Coin-like disc.
- 10 Inapplicable.
- 13 Word on enquiry.
- 17 Close to.
- 19 Thrash.
- 22 Excited hurry.
- 23 Jest.
- 24 Hot drink.
- 25 Compass point.
- 27 Garden tool.
- 28 Musky perfume.
- 29 Erasable.
- 31 Thus.
- 35 Female animal.

Send your—
Stories, Jokes
and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

ONE NIGHT IN FLEET STREET

(See story on page 1)



Following the Press show of their film, "Close Quarters," these eight submariner-actors accepted the Editor's invitation to visit Fleet Street, "Good Morning" and "Goggles." Picture on the left shows eight of the Tribune lads taking a bite and a sup with Ronald ("I get around") Richards, late Gordon Highlanders. After the meal they all got around "Goggles," the "Good Morning" pup of the King and Keys, who was duly crowned as a submariner. See picture below.



"Goggles" obviously felt the dignity of the occasion as he posed for George Greenwell, the cameraman, who is always "on hand" when Tony and the pup get up to their pranks.

This England



Just a riverside hay field in Buckinghamshire.



Around the Editor's desk submariners were invited to choose their favourite glamour picture subjects. And the majority vote went to—guess?—then look below. Left of the picture is Al Male, and above him ex-gunner Wood, our tame artist.



Yes, Evelyn Dall got the tribute from Tribune of being their choice of face as well as voice.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

